

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Vol. 20

Chinook, Alberta, Thursday, May 14th 1936

No. 53

Men's Gauntlet Gloves \$1.25
Men's Work Boots \$3.25
Also Running Shoes & Scampers
Allen A. Hosiery

Glass Jar Coffee .45c
Chipso 2 pkg .47c
Red Plum Jam .39c
Sodas 44 oz .39c
Pork & Beans 2 for .19c
Green Peas 3 lbs .25c
Domestic Shortening .15c
Oranges, Bananas, Pineapple, Apples & Grape-fruit.

Acadia Produce Co.

COAL and WOOD

Government Coal Orders Accepted
Jim Aitken

Week-end Suggestion

Fresh Rhubarb, Cabbage and Bananas
Onion Sets & Multipliers to clear per lb .06c
Clover Leaf Fancy Pink Salmon per tin .15c
Brunswick Sardines 4 for .25c
Dried Peaches per lb .20c
Aylmer Tomato Juice per tin .07c

Oils, Greases, All kinds of Fuel Oils; Gasoline and Coal Oil on hand.

BANNER HARDWARE AND GROCERIES

SPECIAL

Ford power plant complete with gas tank, governor, pulley, radiator, & complete with frame, \$35.00

We have a Good Supply of Tractor Oils and Fuels.

I. H. C. & JOHN DEERE Repairs on hand.

COOLEY BROS.

Monthly Meeting of Chinook W.I. Held

The regular meeting of the Chinook W. I., which had been postponed from last week, was held on Tuesday, May 12th, at Mrs. Wilson's with thirteen ladies present.

A letter of thanks was sent to Mr. Anderson for his co-operation in making the recent eye clinic a success. 93 children had been examined. A demonstration lecture from the women's bureau was applied for, date and subject will be announced later.

Mrs. J. P. Ferguson our Provincial president was chosen as our representative at the triennial convention of the "Associated Country Women of the World", to be held in Washington this year.

The sum of \$10.00 was donated to the general fund of the school fair and \$5.00 as special prizes, as follows: \$2.50 for best bird cage made by boy \$2.50 for best wool cushion (complete) by girl, winning articles to go to the W. I.

In Mrs. Mrs. Milligan's program on "Child Welfare and Public Health", she gave some splendid papers on the care of the feet, proper shoes and the medicine chest.

Miss Jean Knight also gave an impromptu talk comparing the methods used in English and Canadian schools. As she had made a thorough study of this on her recent trip to England, it was very interesting. Lunch was served by Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Wilson.

MOTHER'S DAY SERVICE

A JOINT Mother's Day Service with the Sunday School was held in the United Church at 11:30 a. m. The service was conducted by the Sunday School Superintendent, Mr. A. V. Youell. The service was well attended, it being a very fine morning.

A regular order of service was followed with the theme, "The Spirit of the Home in the Life of the Church" being stressed throughout the service.

Rev. Mr. Smiley's address on "Motherhood" emphasizing the duties of everyday mothers was both appreciative and instructive. Freda Milligan's reading of "The Best Mother" clearly brought out the noble qualities of a mother. The offering was dedicated to the work of providing more and better Church Schools for the young people of the Province. The annual awards for attendance were given out and judging by the number, the Sunday School has a record to be proud of, comparing favorably with any other Sunday School in the Province. The service was one of happiness and sincerity.

J. M. Davis while driving to the meeting at Coltham was thrown from the wagon fighting on his head. We are glad to report that the injuries were not serious.

Week-end Specials

10 Bars R C Soap & 1 Galv. Pail all for .73c
Pineapple sliced 3 tins .37c
B R Cocoa Special 1 lb tin .25c
Plum Jam 4 lb pail .39c
R C Lye 2 tins .25c
Fresh Bananas, Barb, Celery, Lettuce, Tomatoes, Cabbage, Carrots, etc in stock.

Chinook Trading Co.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The last reports before Departmentals have been sent out. Students or parents may get any later reports required upon application to the Principal.

Departmental examinations begin on June 15th and continue to June 30th, excepting the King's birthday June 23rd that being observed as a holiday. This leaves only about four more weeks for preparation and all students should give close attention to the best possible diversion of the short time remaining.

It is important at this time to remind parents and students that absences—too much attention to social activities—poorly prepared homework—etc are sure to affect their success in the forthcoming examinations.

The following students have won honors in Easter examinations—(over 80 per cent) and are entitled to High School crests.

Grade XII

Gabrielle Massey, Mary Coates Bill Youell and Irene Shier.

Grade IX--None

Grade X

Jim Proudfoot Deserving of special mention are Kathleen Proudfoot Gr. XI 79.1 per cent and Bob Mary Gr. X 79 per cent.

Parents are requested to co-operate in the matter of signing and returning the reports promptly.

Mr. Carl Otto, of Dappe, who has been visiting his parents, returned Saturday.

Joyce Milligan was a Cerea, visitor Tuesday.

Hamburger per lb .11c
Chuck Roast of Beef .12c
Cottage Rolls per lb .25c

Our New Wall Paper Samples have arrived, come in and look them over.

Prices from .10c up per roll, Bring in your hides and horsehair. Highest prices.

Chinook Meat Market

The Ladies' Card Club

The Ladies Card Club held a farewell party in the Hotel Parlor, in honor of Mrs. Clarence Petersen Tuesday evening. The Club presented Mrs. Petersen with a very useful gift.

Prizes were won by Mrs. E. C. Pfeiffer and Miss M. Milligan. At the close a dainty lunch was served. Miss M. Milligan will be hostess next week.

J. M. Davis received word from Mrs. Davis Tuesday stating she had been very ill, but is recovering. Mrs. Davis's mother, at Vancouver, has been given up by the doctors and as the end is not far distant, thought best to stay a little longer.

Mrs. Kerby and little daughter, and Mrs. Jensen, all of Hanna, spent the week end with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Young.

TRAVEL
Bargains
to
Eastern
Canada

APPROXIMATELY

PER 1¢ MILE

In each direction. Good in Coaches only.

PER 1¢ MILE

In each direction.

Good in Tourist sleepers on payment of regular berth rate.

PER 1¢ MILE

In each direction.

Good in Standard sleepers on payment of regular berth rate.

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY

MAY 16th TO MAY 30th

Return Limit 45 days in addition to date of sale.

Stopovers allowed. For Williams, Armstrong and East.

Children: 5 years and under 12. Half Fare.

For full particulars, ask Local Agent.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

Don't Guess But Know

Whether the "Pain" Remedy You Use is SAFE?

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

THE person to ask whether the preparation you or your family are taking for the various headaches is SAFE to use regularly is your family doctor. Ask him particularly about "ASPIRIN."

He will tell you that before the discovery of "Aspirin," the best remedies were advised against by physicians as bad for the stomach and, often, for the heart. Which is food for thought if you seek quick, safe relief.

Scientists state "Aspirin" among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and the pains of rheumatism, neuritis and neuralgia. And the experience of millions of users has proved it safe for the average person to use regularly. In your own interest remember this.

"Aspirin" Tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.

Demand and Get "ASPIRIN"

FLEMING'S FOLLY

—BY—
LAWRENCE A. KEATING

SYNOPSIS

The story opens with Link Fleming addressing a meeting of Boone County cattlemen called together with the object of forming an irrigation company.

The meeting terminates, but Buzz Hamilton and his sister, Helen, Link and Kilgo stay behind and Helen asks Fleming questions about his irrigation plan. This angers Buzz, who accuses Fleming of trying to influence his sister and, as he asserts, ruin her. Fleming, who is a little bit of a fire and there is an explosion that results in the house catching fire. Fleming is uninjured. Buzz is arrested and sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Helen and Fleming form a partnership to provide irrigation for their own properties.

Fleming goes home and studies the plans drawn by Torney to learn whether they could be adapted to a smaller scheme, such as the one on Helen's land, and is satisfied it could be done. Feeling cold, he lights the fire and there is an explosion that results in the house catching fire. Fleming is uninjured. Buzz is arrested and sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Helen and Fleming form a partnership to provide irrigation for their own properties. Fleming goes home and studies the plans drawn by Torney to learn whether they could be adapted to a smaller scheme, such as the one on Helen's land, and is satisfied it could be done. Feeling cold, he lights the fire and there is an explosion that results in the house catching fire. Fleming is uninjured. Buzz is arrested and sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

On their arrival home they were met by a couple of Link's women, who told Fleming that there was a strike at the dam, and that the men were afraid they would not get their wages. Link told them of the robbery and promised them their money as soon as possible. The men reluctantly returned.

Fleming finds Roper and Jackpot Mell making trouble among his workmen, and orders them off his place at the point of his gun. Both Jackpot and Roper swear revenge. Mell telling Fleming to carry his gun with him, as Mell would shoot him the next time they met.

(Now Go On With The Story)

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued

"Kilgo talked you into this trick. I know his brand," Fleming continued with bitterness. "He swung you against me before you'd been in the county five minutes. It gnaws at



him because he lost to me the land I'm going to irrigate, playin' poker. And he needs range or his stock'll starve. He's plumb jealous. Can't you see it, Buzz?"

"The visitor's facial muscles worked. 'I can see Kilgo's a whole lot more I friend of mine than you are! Even yuh won't advise Helen to give me the responsibility of running the spread?'"

"Yes. But by no means that power of attorney. You haven't earned it." Buzz stood eyeing him, panting hard. Plain in his nasty scowl was the desire to spring upon Link. But he was unarmed—a condition of his parole—or certainly he would have whipped out a gun. His lack-lustre eyes blazed bitter, unyielding hate.

"I'm entitled to my share of the ranch, and if you don't help me get it, I'll find another way. I wish to heaven," the youth burst out suddenly, "yuh hadn't said that. Roper wouldn't get me a whole pardon so I could have my rights!"

"He lied to you. Kilgo never thought of it, and anyhow he hasn't got the reputation to have it put through. Look here, Buzz," Link added, forcing a conciliatory tone, "let's cut this out. Tell Helen I'm in favor of making you foreman or manager. Say, down in your heart, you believe in the dam. Don't you, now?"

The look he received was one of supreme contempt. "I'm not so blind but what I can see yuh skinnin' us off our property. Like that eight hundred bucks yuh fixed to rob her—"

"Hold on!" Buzz shrank back as if he feared a blow. "You know I had nothing to do with that!" Fleming roared, his pride stabbed to the quick. "Are you trying to make out I hired someone to pull that job? There isn't a scrap of evidence of it, Buzz Hamilton!"

Now the visitor was the more self-possession of the two. His upper lip curled back in a sneer. "There's isn't, eh? Well, yuh can buffalo Sheriff Stephen but not Sis and me! That leather cuff Helen grabbed for a clue comes from Buster Townsend, your foreman. The guy yuh switched to before the dam, under McLendon. Now will yuh still claim yuh didn't hire Townsend to pull the holdup?"

Fleming leaned weakly against the corral rails, his incredulous stare fastened on Buzz. "Townsend? You mean Buster? Why, gosh, there's been some mistake. My own foreman wouldn't—"

"It's hard to crawl out of, eh, Fleming?"

The rancher jerked bolt upright. "Let me tell you, Buzz, if Townsend owns those cuffs, and he held up Helen for that eight hundred, he'll pay! I'll swing it out uv him good and plenty. And if he's guilty Buster will be in the jug before night, and I'll send him up for as long as the law allows!"

Hamilton stared down at his boot-tips, then flashed a skeptical look. "We're waitin' to see if yuh act as big as yuh talk. I found out yesterday that Townsend owns the cuffs. Another thing: when Men killy yuh, how about our spread? It'll bankrupt us, I suppose. Or else yore here, whoever that is, will own it. But damn you, Fleming," he cried, "I'll prevent that if I choke in the attempt!"

He started off but Link, after brief hesitation, spoke up. "It came on, Buzz, let's not wind up in a quarrel. Listen: Helen and I signed an agreement. You don't have to worry about your spread—it's all down in black and white about our partnership."

"Agreement? What'd it say?" "If one of us should die before his job is finished, the other inherits his share of the dam and all the land irrigated. That's because we're set on putting this thing over, so the one that stays alive won't go broke. It lasts ten days after the dam is completed."

"There was a long silence. Scrutinizing Hamilton's anxious face, Link was scarcely aware that Buzz moved closer, met his eyes for the first time, and bored him with an amazed, hateful look.

"If one of yuh dies—the other gets his property? Why is that?" "Just to protect us both. It's ordinary business. You see, we figured—"

Like a bolt from the blue the paroled man shot long fingers for Link's holster. Out streaked the blue-black Colt, its muzzle whipping up as Buzz sprang away. "Yuh snake!" he screamed in the frenzied tones of a man temporarily deranged. "That's how yuh planned to grab our ranch—by that agreement. Do away with my sister, eh? Fleming, that's gonna give yore ranch. Now!"

Link ducked. The weapon roared and a bullet whizzed over his head. He plunged forward his hands raised, eighty pounds of work-hardened muscle. Again the forty-five vomit-

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Ready to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of fluid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not poured out, your food does not digest. It'll decay in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, rank and the whole world turns against you. A mere bowel movement doesn't always get rid of the bile. You need something that goes on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up" and bright. Bile makes the bile flow freely. They do the work of nature but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stomachily refuse anything else. See.

ed flame, and its slug carried the rancher's sombrero between rails and into the corral. A neat flourish plowed in Link's shock of hazel hair with the next roar of the sixgun. Heat stung his forehead.

Their bodies collided. They sank in a writhing, grunting heap. Buzz, more agile than his appearance suggested, squirmed to free his right arm. The gun swept up. Link's left fist lashed out and knocked it spinning away.

Quickly he clambered to his feet. Buzz followed, and uttering a wild, maddened cry, charged, his long fingers clawing, a wild look on his face, his eyes bulging with hate.

There was nothing else to do, no other way out. Fleming crooked his sinewy arm, then snapped it forward.

Cr-crack! Knuckles struck chin. The sound cracked sharply through the quiet sunlight and Buzz's head fared back as his teeth clicked. His expression went suddenly blank. Rocking on his heels an instant, he collapsed in a limp heap on the ground.

An instant Link stared regretfully down at his victim. With a low growl he strode to the back trough 30 feet away, dipped a bucket of water, and carried it back. He dumped a generous quantity over Hamilton's face and head, straightened, hurled the bucket aside, scooped up his gun, and holstered it. He was trembling. His brain seemed foggy as he walked off.

Reaching the ranch house, he looked back. Buzz was groping at a stirrup to mount. He rode away, swaying weakly. Link watched him during a mile's progress, then stiffened as he saw another rider appear and greet Buzz. Fleming muttered a dry curse.

It was Roper Kilgo.

CHAPTER XIV.

For twenty minutes Fleming paced restlessly up and down the low-roofed stoop of his ranch house, head lowered as he scowled at the floor hands clenched behind his back or hooked in his cartridge belt. Matters were in a jumble, and there was need of action to straighten them out. Making up his mind, the Star Loop owner went to the corral. But he thought, to face Helen Hamilton now than to wait until Buzz could give a distorted story of what had transpired.

He had one foot in a stirrup when a dull roar. For a few seconds it heightened, then subsided—and swelled again. Almost like a series of muffled explosions, it was not exactly definable for its faintness.

But one thing Link knew, that. It came from the dam. An instant longer he listened intently, then spurs and his mount and then, with a growl, he swung the beast's head, thundered over the heat-shimmering prairie toward the foothills. On he raced as fast as his wily mustang could carry him, until horse and rider were dodging amongst boulders and scrub pines at the foot of the incline to the irrigation workings.

Suddenly a shot rang out. A bullet whined through the air, and another gun barked, its slug snapping taut his grey shirt as it billowed behind him.

He checked his horse, and forty-five in hand, sent startled looks behind as he swung from the saddle. Plunged into the river, he came out before from widely different sources, one on each side of him and behind, indicating that the gunners were in no danger from each other.

Realizing that the next shot might drop him, Fleming ran at a crouch for the nearest protection. A red boulder. He paused for a careful survey then described a cautious arc toward the foe he deemed closest. A slug whizzed overhead, and a sharp staccato crack from the fellow's accomplice flung Link's sombrero, recovered from the corral where Buzz's bullet had sent it, sailing away with a second hole through its crown.

He clenched his trigger twice. One bit of lead glanced off a boulder. The other buried itself close behind a man just scrambling into a patch of bushes. Before Link could reach the bushes, he heard the clop-clop of hoofs from two sources. The Star Loop

owner dashed to the fringe of trees in time to see a pair of horsemen streak away, heads lowered, spurs scratching, as they pressed their mounts faster.

Already they were poor revolver targets. Staring at the figures, one blue-shirted, the other wearing a dark cloth vest, Link uttered an unbidden whistle. When they were quite gone he strode grimly back to his own horse, caught the animal's reins, and mounted.

The lurking assassins were Buzz and Kilgo!

Their purpose in trying to kill him was evident—Buzz wanted the Star Loop to become part of the Triple It according to the agreement between Link and Helen. The treacherous Roper egged him on, planning to have his own time to work on Buzz with some wily scheme to wrest away both ranches, say Sil-Creek Dam!

Arriving at the place to leave his horse, he dismounted and ran quickly by trail, emerging at the head-quarters to find no one about. But cries and exclamations caused him to hurry down the ladder to the muddy creek bed, thence upstream from the dam. On reaching the temporary cut-off he was greeted by a scene of utter confusion.

McLendon, the 30-year-old engineer, was on his knees beside a mud-lying prone. A dozen workmen looked on another still form, and two or three, noticing Link, assumed resentful, accusing looks.

"Mac," the youth panted, "what the hell happened?" "Landslide. Somebody started a boulder right down on the men. By God," he snarled, "the other between grim-settled, 'if I get the fellow, he'll burn!'"

Buster Townsend hurried up, his face streaked with dust, his runabout gleaming with excitement. "He—he got away!" Buster came nearer. "We were workin' at the cut-off," he exclaimed, "when his thick hands 'and all of a sudden somebody yelled 'Look out! We heard a roar, and holy smoke!—half the mountain comes down on us!'"

"Where were you?"

"Huh? Why, right over there!" The man pointed, and strode a few steps to show his chief. A ragged mass of earth and debris and a gap above was mute explanation. Fleming needed no one to tell him that the landslide was mercenary work. Else why hadn't earth caved in away from as well as toward the pit, going also into the diverted stream? It had been arranged to come toward the dam, where posts and boards were built into a barricade against just such accidents. Others at one spot near tree trunks and boards had been ripped away.

Linked turned and called his engineer. The man rose from the victim and hurried forward. His face was pale and serious. He shook his head.

"Where were you, Mac?"

"There." He indicated a spot under the sliding wall of concrete.

"You, Buster?"

"Why, I told yuh I was right here! Happened I'd started back to McLendon. The boys were workin' all around. I was goin' to ask Mac if I should plant dynamite, gettin' ready to blast the cut-off when he was ready to turn the river loose against the dam."

Fleming rolled a cigarette, eyeing him sharply. "You mean you were ready to do that? How about it?" he demanded of the engineer.

McLendon, a thin, serious-looking chap, shook his head. "Buster was too nervous. We can't possibly be ready till tomorrow, and now with this mess to clear away, maybe not then. I found a place at the foot of the dike where we got to pour concrete reinforcement. The sluice gate stanchions have got to set more. And they've got to be tested after that. We're a long way from being done. Link, although I suppose to Townsend has been here, and he don't know exactly how these things are, it looks almost ready to use. But there are still a lot of small jobs ahead of us. The men are dissatisfied and grumbling," he added in a lower tone. "They don't work very fast."

The rancher nodded and hurried back to the victims. One he recognized as Tug Orlliss, who had greeted him with threat of a strike when he and Helen and Buzz returned from Ravkilde after Buzz's homecoming. Link knelt beside the man who was groaning in pain.

"What's the matter here?" he asked with attempted cheerfulness. A workman attending Orlliss gestured to his legs. "Smashed. Both feet got crushed, and he's shore bruised up, Boss."

Tug opened his eyes, racked with pain, and recognized Link. "Damn yuh!" he snarled hatefully. "Gettin' men to work for yuh never knowin' if they'll get paid. Now

5½ HOURS
of smoking pleasure
in each package

10¢

Buckingham
FINE CUT

what, eh? Laid up—maybe for life."

He cursed violently. "Helluva lot yuh care! Yore dam—that's all yore thinkin' of!"

"Hold on, Tug. Have a smoke?" Fleming extended makin's to the victim. "Don't worry, Tug," he went on calmly. "You're goin' to get paid for every day you're laid up, just as if you were working. I'll stand the doctor bill."

Orlliss laid off building his smoke. His eyes widened. "Yuh mean that, Fleming? Gosh, I got an old woman in Ravkilde, an' there's going to be three of us in not so long. Yuh mean that?" he repeated earnestly.

"Of course I mean it, Tug. You're coming to the spread to rest up till you're in condition to go on home. Buster!" he called. "Did you send for a doctor?"

The foreman started. "Gosh, no! I—"

Link leaped to his feet. Something about his attitude aroused suspicion, and remembering what Buzz Hamilton had said about Buster's leather cuffs, Fleming bore his employee with keen disapproval. But he checked the speech that rose to his lips and strode to the other hurt man.

"Mac, send a rider for Doc Slater pronto. Have 'im hit Toe to rush to my ranch house. Get a wagon or something to move these men. Start them right away. Hm," he murmured, kneeling beside the second victim. "You're bandaged up some, eh, Jimmie?"

(To Be Continued)

Inventors Create Work

Manufacturers Can Always Use Ideas That Are Feasible

Inventors, said Albert G. Burns, eyeing a mouse electrocution trap, are the ones who will pull America out of the dumps.

Burns spoke as president of the National Inventors' Congress, sponsors of an exhibition at New Orleans.

Latest major developments affecting the welfare and future of the nation, Burns said, are, in order: Air conditioning—not simply air cooling—a new interpretation of housing and living; television, rather than radio, for a new world-wide communication system; aviation improvements, such as a new all-metal substructure dirigible.

Vast social and economic changes are due to follow recent mechanical achievements, Burns said.

"No invention—a basic idea—ever threw men out of work," he said. "Real inventions always create work. True enough, some stage coach drivers who couldn't learn to be brakemen lost their jobs, and some blacksmiths who didn't go into tire repair work lost out when the automobile came along. But look how many millions of jobs the railroad and automobile created."

There are some 22,000 busy inventors in America, Burns revealed.

A Piece Of String

Seems Insignificant But Can Cause Plenty Of Trouble

A piece of string! It is the name of one of Maupassant's most famous stories. The miserly jackdaw of a peasant who was seen to stoop and pick up something one day in the market place was not believed when he said it was only a piece of string. He was suspected of having appropriated a purse lost by a neighbor. And the more he protested his innocence the more he was disbelieved, until through suspicion his life was ruined—by a piece of string.

A piece of string—something to play cat's-cradle with, or spin a top; something a child might find and weave into its nest.

A piece of string—deadly instrument of the garroters of India.

A piece of string, a fragment of hemp or flax, valueless; yet costing perhaps, two lives—that of the woman it bound, and that of the man it betrayed. Truly a piece of string, forgotten behind a clew; yet, it has brought a self-confessed murderer face to face with the electric chair.

—Chicago Daily News.

The Indianapolis News thinks that Heaven is a place where one is dry, warm, fed and safe. An American doesn't need to go to Heaven to get that. He can go to prison, says the Detroit Free Press. 2150

Little Helps For This Week

Am I my brother's keeper? Genesis 4:9.

Because I held upon my selfish love. And left my brother wounded by the way. And called ambition duty, and pressed on—
O Lord, I do repent.

How many are the sufferers who have fallen amongst misfortune along the wayside of life. "By chance" we come that way, chance, accident, Providence had thrown them in our way. We see them from a distance like the Priest, or we come upon them suddenly as the Levite. Our pleasure or our business is interrupted by the sight, or troubled by the delay. What are our feelings and our actions toward them? "Who is thy neighbor?" It is the sufferer, whoever, wherever, he be. Whenever you hear the cry of distress, whenever you see anyone brought across your path by the chances and changes of life (that is by the Providence of God) and whom it is in your power to help, stranger or enemy though he be, he is your neighbor.

Using Old Water System

Lines Laid Down By Caesars Solving Problem In Egypt

The problems of water supply in the western desert of Egypt are being solved by the British on lines laid down by the old Roman armies. Roman legions dug a labyrinth of cisterns underground, ranged in a series of galleries like those in a mine, and extending two or three miles. From these cisterns an assuring supply of sweet water can be taken.

Excavation of these cisterns is going forward daily, and they are now one of the main sources of supply.

It is supposed that these reservoirs were used to store fresh water in rainless years of the early Christian era, when, according to the story, this region was the granary of Rome.

A Famous Bus

"Old Bill," one of the two survivors of early war days when a string of London omnibuses were sent to France to carry British troops to the battle front, has arrived at the Pacific coast aboard the M.S. Pacific Enterprise. The famous old bus, which is being preserved as a battle relic, is on loan to the Vancouver jubilee committee.

Canvasser: "You pay a small deposit, then you make no more payments for six months."

Lady of the house: "Who told you about us?"

Rhubarb belongs to the buck-wheat family.

A single penny may produce 3,000,000 grains of pollen.



"I never knew there was so much difference in mustard."

I thought I was economizing when I got more of the cheap mustard for my money!

"I've learned my lesson! I don't pay too good materials buying a substitute for Pure Mustard. I'll stick to KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD!"

Made from seed grown in the Fens of England. Shells or hulls are removed and only the inner part of the seed is used. Superior grinding ensures the full mustard flavour.

In original tins for sale at 10¢

KEEN'S
D.S.F. Mustard

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Published by Mrs. M. C. Nicholson every Thursday afternoon from The Advance Building, Main Street, Chinook, Alberta, and entered in the postoffice as second class mail matter.

The subscription rates to The Advance are \$1.50 per annum in Canada and \$2.00 outside of Canada.

The transient advertising rates in The Advance are—display, 40c per inch for first week and 30c for each succeeding week, providing no change is made. For heavy composition an extra charge is made for first week. Reading notices, 10c per point line. Legal advertising, 15c per point line for first week and 10c for each succeeding week. Cards of thanks, \$1.00.

Advertisements under this heading are charged at the rate of 50c for 25 words or less per week, with 10c for each additional 5 words. Three weeks for the price of two.

All letters addressed to the editor for insertion in The Advance, must be signed to show bona fides of the writer. Publication in all cases is subject to the judgment of the Publisher. We do not necessarily coincide with views expressed.

CHINOOK MARKET PRICES

WHEAT

1 Northern	61.12
2 Northern	59.12
3 Northern	55.12

OATS

1 C. W.	21
Ex. 1 Fed	17



CHINOOK UNITED CHURCH

Sunday May 10th.

Sunday School 10.30 a.m.

Come and bring your friends

Rev. J. W. Smiley

Pastor

See me about that Hauling

Long or Short Hauls.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

M. L. CHAPMAN, Chinook

Printing "News"

is our

Business

Send

Yours In

CLASSIFIED ADS.

"Male Help Wanted"

MEN WANTED for Rawleigh Routes of 800 families around Youngstown. Reliable hustler should start earning \$25 weekly and increase rapidly. Write today. Rawleigh Dept., WG31-S E Winnipeg, Canada

The Friendly Circle Held Meeting

The Friendly Circle held its May meeting Wednesday May 13 at the home of Mrs. Harold D. Stewart. Twenty ladies were present. The meeting opened with the singing of Ol Canada. The report of the flower committee was given, also the financial report of the silver tea which was held in April.

It was decided to give a donation of \$10.00 to the School Fair Association.

The meeting took the form of a farewell party for one of the Circle members, Mrs. Clarence Petersen, a useful gift being presented by her fellow members.

There were two contests, the winners of which, Mesdames Petersen and Todd received a prize, a lovely potted plant.

A delicious lunch was served and the meeting adjourned to meet the 2nd Thursday in June.

MYRTLE SCHOOL REPORT

Grade IX

Marguerite Hittle	74.3
Norman Jackson	43.1

Grade VII

Betty Allen	71.7
Elmer Haggerty	68.9
Cecil Gillette	67.1
Kathleen Jackson	67.1
Terence Jackson	66.0

Grade V

Irene Haggerty	67.0
----------------	------

Grade IV

Doris Hittle	76.8
Wilfred Jackson	68.1
Ralph Allen	63.1

Grade III

Lillian Seeger	70.8
Harold Seeger	70.0
Lorne Haggerty	79.6

Grade I Senior

Robert Allen	71.0
--------------	------

Grade I Junior

Josephine Jackson	
Mary Allen	
Doris Hittle prize winner with highest average.	

E. W. Duff
Teacher

Public Meeting Held To Form Athletic Association

A meeting of those interested in Sports was held in the Hotel Parlor. There was a good turnout. Mr. Meeres was elected as chairman of the meeting and Chester Rideout was elected Secretary. There was a good discussion whether we should have a Hard Ball team or only Soft Ball.

Moved by L. Youell seconded by C. W. Rideout, that an Athletic Association be formed to include all Sports the year round, except Curling-carried.

The following officers were then elected:

Hon Pres. M. L. Chapman
Pres. S. Meeres
Vice Pres. W. Seeger
Sec-Tres. W. A. Todd

It was moved that two of a committee along with the officers be elected: For Soft Ball Bill Youell and Annie Osenchuck.

The Secretary was instructed to write to the other towns along the line to ascertain if they would be in favor of joining a Soft Ball League. It was decided to have 4 teams: Married Men, Single Men, School Boys and Girls.

A V. Youell and Miss M. Lee were appointed a committee for the Tennis.

C. W. Rideout and D. E. Bell to be a committee for Golf.

The following be a committee for Hard Ball for "Sports Day", namely: W. S. Lee, W. Gallagher, W. Seeger and C. W. Rideout.

Horse Shoe committee: M. F. Suiter and W. Milligan.

Foot Ball; L. Youell and R. B. Langley

Basket Ball; Chester Rideout and Miss V. Milligan.

The following were the Fees set: Soft Ball, Basketball, Football and Horse Shoes be 25 cents each.

Tennis Fees: Men \$2.00, Ladies and School Children \$1.00. The matter of fees for Golf was tabled for a later date.

C. W. Rideout—W. Seeger, that the Association sponsor the Sports this year.

Date of Sports left over till next Wednesday meeting.

Captains of each team be responsible for players fees. No one to play unless his fees are paid.

Friday, May 8th, The Soft ball committee met in the Hotel, when managers were appointed: Married men—W. Seeger, Single men—W. Gallagher, Boys—Bill Youell.

Girls—Annie Osenchuck, their duty to get players to join and are to be responsible for Bats and Balls until a captain is elected, then he is responsible.

Practice to start Monday night.

We are glad to report that Mr. Fred Otto is much improved in health.

Don't forget the dance Friday night May 15th, in the Chinook Hotel.

Let us Supply You
With Your

Printing
Requirements

The Chinook Advance

Miss Jean Knight, of Vancouver, who has just returned from England, where she has been visiting with relatives, arrived here Tuesday morning, and will visit at the home of her aunt, Mrs. E. B. Allen, in the Heathdale district.

Miss Knight will be remembered here as having attended the Chinook School, when a small girl.

Reduced Fares

for VICTORIA DAY WEEK-END

Between All Stations in Canada

Single Fare and One Tenth for Round Trip. Good in Coaches Only

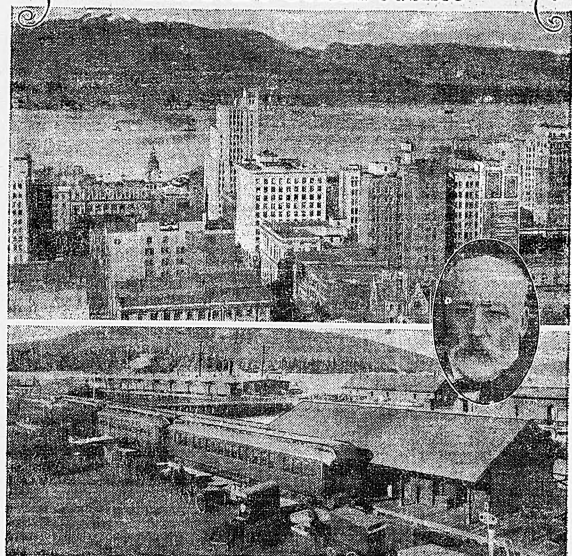
Single Fare and One Third for Round Trip. Good in Sleeping and Puller Cars on payment of berth or seat fare.

GOING: MAY 22nd to 2.00 p.m., MAY 25th Returning: Leave destination not later than midnight, May 26th.

Minimum Fare: Adults 10c, Children 25c. Full particulars from any agent.

CANADIAN NATIONAL
W. 36-223

Vancouver's Golden Jubilee



Fifty years ago the first transcontinental Canadian Pacific Railway train from Montreal reached the Pacific Coast. This summer Vancouver, now the Gateway to the Orient and port for ships of the entire world, will celebrate the Golden Jubilee of its founding as the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Commencing July 1 with Dominion and International Good Will Week, the programme includes with the Canada Pacific Exhibition on September 7, and includes land and water sports, several weeks of grand pageantry, musical attractions, visit of American warships, a two-day air show with a solo flight across Canada planned as the highlight. One of the highlights of Vancouver's celebration will be the re-enactment of the arrival of the first Canadian Pacific train, almost half a century ago. The venerable old engine, first to the coast, will be run again, with its original pilot, W. H. Evans, at the throttle. Some of the old-timers who saw the first train arrive will also be present for the ceremony. The Canadian Pacific Railway will run tours at low cost from Eastern Canada to the Pacific Coast for the event, with stop-over privileges at Banff Springs, Hotel Chateau Lake Louise, and other famous Rocky Mountain resorts.

Pictures show the old and the new Vancouver, and Sir William Van Horne, second president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who chose the name of Vancouver in 1881 for the western terminal of the first transcontinental railway line.

Even before the beginning of the celebration proper, many colorful events will be given recognition, including Empire Day and horticulture show in May; Pioneer's festival on June 13-14; schools' programme in June; Eucharistic Congress, which will attract thousands of pilgrims; King's birthday, and religious dedicatory services.